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EXPRESSION



# EXPRESSION

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Clatsop Community College, Astoria, Oregon

## STUDENT LITERARY REVIEW

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Editors of **EXPRESSION**:

In a recent conversation, it was brought out that not all could express their thoughts with a pen. Such is my case, so I turn to the lense and try to capture thoughts, words, and feelings. If someone says that there is no skill in snapping a shutter, I suggest he try to come up with a picture similar to the one enclosed. Even as a writer learns his pen, so must a photographer learn his camera. In understanding your positions on publishing, I will not be slighted in the least bit in being rejected. "A picture is worth a thousand words." Thus I enter my piece of expression entitled

"February 29th"

Sincerely,

**STEVE SYLVESTER.**



## INVOLVEMENT

Wake up sleeping child of mine.  
Dawn is breaking over east;  
Moon's goin' down over west — a  
new  
day's  
begun.  
You'll never be completely aware  
of or involved with what has  
happened in your night's sleep,  
nor will you know ALL  
that's happened.  
Even so, you'll suffer the consequences.  
Now, wake up

go out and

have fun.

Time to get up men.  
Bombs are falling to our east — the barrages  
are clearing up to our west. Here  
comes another  
day.  
Aw right — we're here, so let's  
fight

kill whether we win or lose,

a country,  
nations, depend upon  
us.  
G'wan out men and  
give it  
to 'em.

Old man? . . . Time for your medicine,  
wake up  
It's nice and sun-shiny out  
birds are  
chirping and all.

Why don't you  
go out

and visit your

friends?

—Linda Wahlstrom.

*me*

every man's triumph and agony, every  
flower, every dream, everything  
that lives and breathes on this  
beautiful world  
is a part of . . .  
me.

—linda g. green.

*c-o-l-o-r-e-d s-u-n-s-h-i-n-e*

what-a-funny-sunshine  
shines-upon-my-hand  
different-from-the-yellow-sun  
that-shines-upon-the-land

perhaps-its-caused-by-clouds-o'erhead  
or-maybe-its-just-fact  
that-sun-cannot-shine-yellow  
on-a-hand-that's-painted-black

—j-a-m-i-s-a-n w-h-i-t-n-e-y.

## VIRGINIA

Virginia (Gonzales)

Sweet are the eyes of a girl of youth . . .  
like you.

Innocent things that are mean and cruel —  
but finding out eventually, all the heartaches  
that drift in and out of our lives. You will  
grow up with wise open eyes, seeking truth that  
you want to share.

This is a time of many errors, that will be  
a hassle to straighten out.

—Friend Sharon Gramberg.

## within the hurricane's eye

within the hurricane's eye all is calm and quiet.  
indifferent to the turmoil around me, i feel content and  
secure in its shelter.

but i cannot close my eyes to the tormented palm tree;  
writhing, bent and twisted by the raging winds so brutal  
and penetrating.

i must return to the shore once more; that battlefield  
of grievous driftwood,  
that final resting place of clusters of shells, that victim  
to endless snarling waves,  
to the not-always-merciful realities of life from which i  
cannot escape.

o how i've fought the pounding storm to reach the eye for  
this peaceful moment  
and now to wander from its concealment into the storm's  
terrible grasp again  
is not my wish but i know i must for i cannot remain in  
its heart forever.

—d. r. memmott.

## LESSON NO. 46

Chris couldn't ever remember being anxious for a Monday morning, but she was certainly looking forward to this one. Instinctively, she knew that the events of last week-end would be all over school by now. For awhile, that meant she would be the center of attention. It had been that way ever since she had begun her freshman year at Western State four months ago. Her girlfriends in other schools had envied her good fortune — what a break! Going to school with four hundred boys and only thirty girls! She'd been so ridiculously naive at first . . . she wondered as she finished getting dressed how she had enjoyed any of those childish activities.

Her thoughts were interrupted when her roommate Marilyn yelled, "See ya later," as she went out the door. Late again! Chris tied her other saddle and went to the bathroom to finish getting ready. As she leaned her head over the sink to brush her teeth, she felt a twinge of dizziness, still a bit of a hangover from Saturday night. She hurriedly put on her make-up, sprayed on some Emeraude, and ran out the door, already ten minutes late for her nine o'clock class.

As soon as she opened the main door to the liberal arts building, Chris could hear the laughing and talking down at one end of the hall. This was NO typical Monday morning. Normally, the only signs of life consisted of disgusted groans for the five days ahead. Chris hustled toward the noisy group clustered around the bulletin board. The attention was focused on Marilyn, obviously too engrossed now to make her English class.

"Hey, here comes Chris!" Mar squealed and everyone looked her way, laughing.

"Way to go, Chris, way to gross-out a whole college!"

That was from Tom, the basketball player she had given up studying for her mid-term for.

"God, Chris, did you see the letter that Mr. K. pinned up here? What a bummer that Dean at Central must be!"

"Let's see," and Chris edged in beside Marilyn to read the official looking letter hanging on the board. She glanced over it quickly so as not to lose the attention of the crowd, and then,

"Oh, read the dumb thing later," Tom said.

"Yeah, we want to know how ya did it . . . man, that guy sounds mad! You musta really screwed around over there."

"It really wasn't any big deal," Chris answered, hoping that they would think it was. "We snuck this bottle of Seagrams in with our pom-poms up to my girlfriend's room and had a little pre-game warm-up, that's all. Crud, he makes it sound like it was a three-day orgy or somthin'."

"How'd ya get caught anyway, Chris? I always thought you were better at sneaking around than that."

Tom again, and this time he gave her a knowing wink. It was to remind her of the time she had had to climb in the window when she'd been out with him past curfew.

"I wouldn't have got caught! It was my girlfriend! She was playing this trick on me, only nobody bothered to tell me it was a trick. She had a friend of hers pose as a prefect and tell me the housemother wanted to see me for drinking in the room before the game. Well, no one was there when she told me and I didn't want to let them know I'd gotten caught. So I went down and confessed all by myself. Only, let me tell ya, when the housemother gave me this wierd look, it dawned on me that I'd been had . . . then there was the big search and they took the bottle, and I left for the game, and that was the last I heard of it. But now this!" She gave a disgusted sigh.

Tom's laughter rang out above the others, and Chris knew that she had his approval too.

Then the first bell rang announcing the ten o'clock classes and the group began to break up. Only Chris remained confronted with this other person's opinion of last weekend. She read the letter again, slower this time, taking in each word of condemnation. She wondered how Mr. K. — Mr. Kilian let his friends call him that — felt about the whole thing — he must've been sort of irritated or he wouldn't have posted the letter. But before Chris could give any more thought to the subject, the final bell rang, and she ran upstairs to her ten o'clock class for a Spanish test.

Halfway through the translation questions, Dean Kilian's secretary came into the room and whispered something to Miss Grandadam. As Chris looked, the teacher made her way to Chris' desk and told

her that she was wanted in the Dean's office immediately after the class. If it had been anyone else, she would have been petrified, but since it was Mr. K. she finished her test calmly and waited for the bell.

As she walked into his office after class, she greeted his back with a cheery, "Hi!" He turned, and right away she knew she'd been wrong. He wasn't going to think it was funny at all.

"Sit down, Chris," he said, and pointed to a chair.

She sat.

He looked at her intently for a few seconds, then shook his head, just slightly, but enough for Chris to recognize this sign of his irritation.

"Chris, you've disappointed me immensely. When I petitioned the office for you girls as cheerleaders you assured me that you would be an asset to our school and its reputation."

He stopped here to let his words sink in, and for the first time since Chris had discovered the fun was gone, she felt embarrassed, so embarrassed that she moved her glance down to the floor.

He went on at last to explain what had already happened. The board of control had already met that morning. They had read the letter. They had decided on her punishment. It was not as bad as it could have been, since drinking on her own campus would have resulted in automatic suspension. Instead, she was removed from the cheerleading squad and put on probation for the following semester.

Chris looked up then, and with a barely noticeable quiver of her mouth, stood up to leave.

"Not just yet, Chris, there's one more thing I have to tell you." Mr. Kilian stood now, too, across the desk from her. "Perhaps you saw Mr. Murfin leaving my office as you came in. You know Maureen Murfin, of course. He has just asked that she be removed from the cheerleading squad. He feels with all the indirect bad influences present in a college, she doesn't need to be exposed to the type that you displayed on Saturday."

With that, he excused her, sat back at his desk, and continued his work.

Chris opened her mouth to explain, but then the not-interested



attitude left hanging in the office hit her, and she walked out in a daze of shame and disbelief. She purposely averted her eyes from the bulletin board and shouldered her way out the main door. How ironic it was that while coming in this door earlier, she had so looked forward to the day!

Once outside, the cold air felt good on her face, it was probably what kept her from crying. She thought the school would probably notify her parents, or maybe it already had. No, she had the feeling that Mr. K. would give her a chance to do it first. She'd call right away. No, maybe she'd get a ride home this week-end. But what would she say? "Hi Mom, hi Dad, I'm back from my first term of college and boy, the things, I've done . . . been kicked out of a dorm at Central, got put on probation, got one of my friends taken off rally. . . ." She had the feeling it wasn't what parents would want to hear after sending their daughter off on her own; things would be different at home after this. She ran her fingers through her hair: things would be different all over.

—Milli Oman

### LOOKING BACK TO ME

A mystic smile from no one  
Haunts the gypsy traveller's mind  
As he softly hums an older tune  
And envisions older times.

The smile is but a memory  
Of something he never had  
And although it isn't really there,  
It makes the oldman sad.

Perhaps within the library  
Of his straining memory,  
Lies a half-forgotten, half-remembered  
Vision of me.

—Anonymous

## IN MY GARDEN

I was made to work the soil  
Blood, sweat, tears, and toil  
That's my work. I have the joy of loving it.  
Planted my seed in the ground  
Then I heard an awful sound  
Listen to the wind a-calling  
Says the rain will soon be falling  
Not afraid of stormy weather  
Rain will make the seed grow better  
Even though I'll get wetter standing there  
In my garden.

There are times my heart is breaking  
Then I get a mighty aching  
For taking nothing making something out of it.  
A lump of clay, a little seed  
A little hope is all I need.  
The seed will make a tree so high  
It will touch the starry sky  
Done with my work I will lie under it  
In my garden.

Now I hide behind my tree  
Waiting for someone to see  
And care enough to set me free from myself  
When that someone comes along  
To each other we'll belong  
I will plant the seed within you  
So the life will still continue  
Under my tree we'll learn how  
To make a future out of now  
We will find new fields to plow with our love  
In my garden.

—Gene Hamm.

## self-made man?

what man can call himself a product of his own

his body is a compromise of many men of yore  
his mind contains the knowledge men before him have unfurled  
his thoughts are of the world that waits outside his door  
his fingers touch the things that many men have touched before

but what he does while living, thinking, feeling  
are the things he does himself  
the joy he feels in love alone is his to call his own  
no man is free to patent thoughts so man can think anew

—jamisan whitney, 9-12-67.

## THE SEA TRIP

The wind is calling me to the sea,  
So when I go, will you come with me?  
We'll drive down on the sandy beach  
And discover a place that's hard to reach.  
From the old driftwood we'll build a hut,  
Then a fire. We'll go barefoot  
And comb the beach for spiny shells;  
Then string them up to sound like bells.  
From out of the sea you'll catch a fish  
And I will cook a groovy dish;  
And by the sea we both shall dine.  
The fresh sea water will be our wine.  
The sun will set and in excitement  
I'll show you my favorite constellation.  
And when the dawn has touched the sky,  
There We'll be, just You and I.  
The wind is calling me to the sea,  
So when I go will you come with me?

—Lorelie Helzer.

## NAKED IS HE

He kept walking, the moisture in the air and on the plants felt cool against his hot, tired body. This was all so strange, such a contrast to the turmoil that was still echoing within his head. But what was this turmoil, and for that matter, what was this place that was so beautiful and peaceful?

He can remember lights, lights of every color and intensity completely surrounding him, red, orange, blue, yellow, and finally black. There had been sound such as he had never heard, all of the noises of the earth coming towards him from every conceivable direction in total confusion. There had been screams, screams of little children lost in the multitude of havoc, crying because of having to endure the competition and fighting in the world they were growing up in, and crying because they knew they were lost and would never see life as it was meant to be, beautiful.

But he now found himself naked, his body was hot and tired. He had no specific pain, just an overall feeling of being worn out. He didn't remember coming here, all of a sudden, he found himself walking, the cool ferns and vines touching his body as he walked. As he moved on, he noticed the similarities between his long time dream living where there was beauty, peace and life; and the habitat that he now found himself in. Flowers, huge blue, yellow, lavender and red flowers, and a green such as he had never seen, such an over all and cooling green. He then noticed the noise, how silent it was, yet it was overcoming the turmoil that was still within his head. The noise was that of birds, the rustling of branches and of animals. He then noticed the presence of people, which completed his joy, for life was not merely beautiful things, but also people. They were naked like himself and appeared to be concerned with other people, as individuals. He was not ashamed of his nakedness for he thought that without clothing, people were free from social restrictions and stereotypes and could see others as human beings. He had often gone for walks on the beach and swimming naked and felt an intimacy and oneness with nature, instead of the increasing feeling of separation between man and nature that

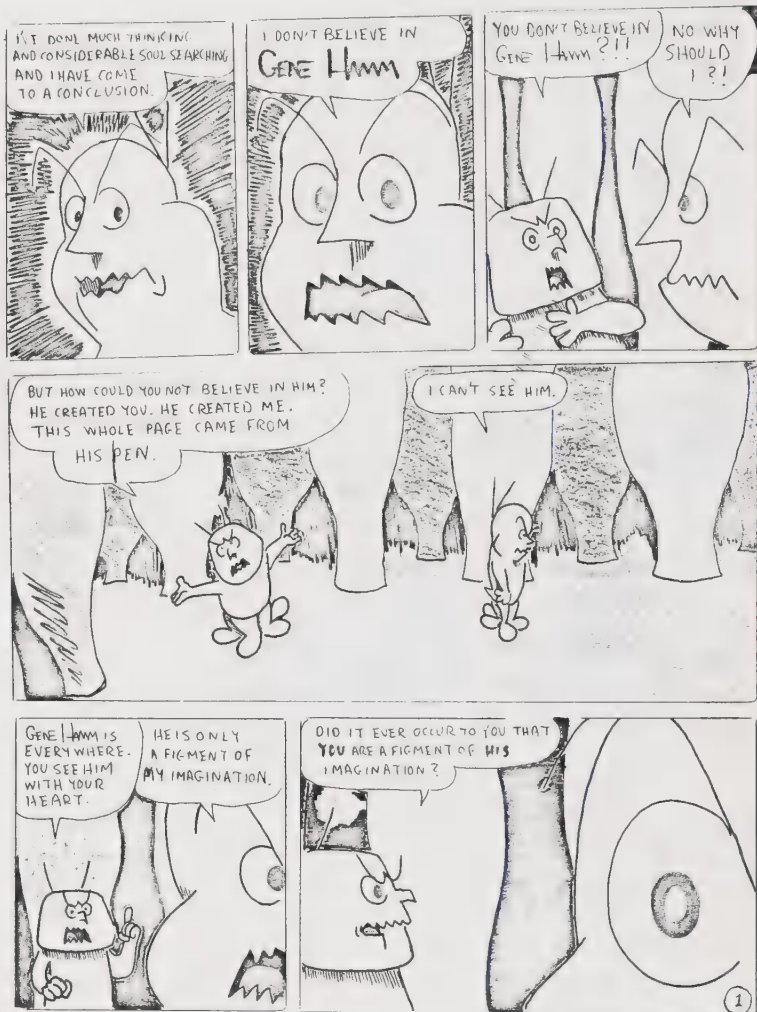
had been taking place in society. Now, this freedom, this oneness, is not a matter of finding a secluded beach, but is all around him, his being, his life.

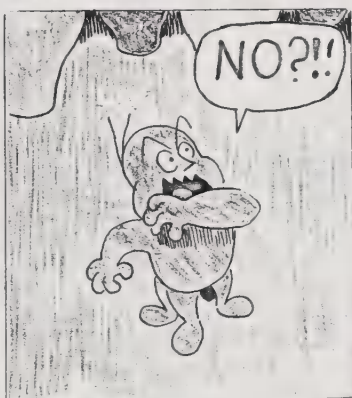
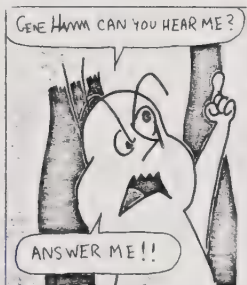
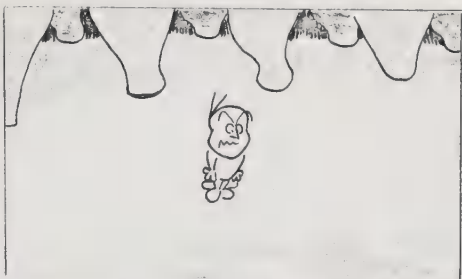
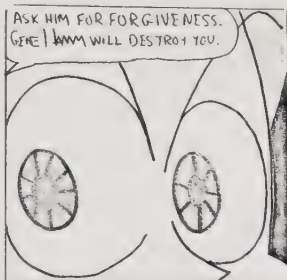
—Dick Basch.

### WHERE IS GOD?

Where shall I find God?  
Is He in the golden rays of dawn?  
Or hidden in the distant, brooding hills?  
Or is He there when night tucks earth to sleep  
Beneath a coverlet of blackest void?  
Or is He far beyond the dimmest star  
In that chill space we earthmen call the sky?  
How can my tiny earth brain comprehend  
The All, the endless vastness of I AM?  
Where shall I find God?  
Little earth child, look within your heart.

—Blanche H. Pickering.





ABSTRACTION SORT OF BUT FOR REAL  
ON WHY IT WAS LIKE THAT

It was just me,  
A negative happening and  
The absence of thinking  
about the difference, like  
What's hiding and what's a nothing,  
just the non-existence of the positive extreme  
In some degree — sometimes even  
what's in front of all it is, and nothing more.

I've been thinking—  
mainly  
instead of "for instance" because this is about it  
She's especially nice in a non-fiction story,  
like it what others see and  
What is actually there.  
But not when we're traveling connected minds. Why?  
I kept asking but  
wasn't seeing her for real,  
Blinded by the intimacy.  
We weren't kind to each other  
During the real people who couldn't find it happening  
Happening.  
the realness part or world

Then suddenly I looked at her for her  
But not for me—  
Saw which many she was in objectivity  
like calmly interested  
pretty much  
well wishing  
pupils,  
even if they were blood shot or anything. Of course  
her's weren't. You understand.



Understand she didn't know either—  
Just naturally absent of zits,  
not blemishes.  
Liked the person. A soul possessing animal  
Quite nice.

Then went back through space  
after the hard time squeezing or spreading through it.  
Began seeing in the bodies, swimming in the  
Again connected minds,  
Now seeing even in the presence of the closeness  
which had started it.

I said to her "Hello"  
And I could see  
Many of her smile warmly.

—Steve Willis.

## RATTLE-CHATTER

YOU! You, why don't You listen!  
In time  
Your line  
will be forgotten.

All of the time,  
Your line is heard—  
heed not a discouraging word  
You rattle on—  
turned on  
saying nothing.

Old age,  
Thyme and Sage  
Mother Hubbard's cupboard  
in person;  
(a bare mind  
makes for a bored  
listener)  
a prisoner.

What's behind the Green Door?  
While peeking through keyholes  
and opening doors  
You roam—  
placid, yet fire-cracker ready  
to spout on a subject  
only vaguely known by  
YOU.

"Oh yes,  
I see . . .  
I (dis)agree."  
Your inset ways  
will, one of these days  
prove to be Your doom.

Unknown to You, though,  
and on You'll go (we'll hope for  
an unscheduled voyage—  
when we'll rejoice  
In YOUR A B S E N C E).

Make a speedy leave . . .  
undesired is Your presence!

—Linda Wahlstrom.

## WANDERERS ALL

Restless blows the green sea's foam,  
Blowing memories of home.

All

wanderers,  
                    voyagers,  
                            hobos,  
                                    and bums.

Pebbles are moving,  
Sand dunes are melting.

All

wanderers,  
                    voyagers,  
                            hobos,  
                                    and bums.

Blowing memories of home,  
To a man who must roam.

All

wanderers,  
                    voyagers,  
                            hobos,  
                                    and bums.

Sand dunes are melting,  
Rain drops are pelting.

All

wanderers,  
                    voyagers,  
                            hobos,  
                                    and bums.

To a man who must roam,  
With a mind that thoughts comb.

All

wanderers,  
                  voyagers,  
                          hobos,  
                                  and bums.

Rain drops are pelting,  
Lovers in parting.

All

wanderers,  
                  voyagers,  
                          hobos,  
                                  and bums.

With a mind that thoughts comb.  
Restless blows the green sea's foam.

All

wanderers,  
                  voyagers,  
                          hobos,  
                                  and bums.

—Sally Kyle

## CURSING THE WINDS

Under the pulsating signs and flashing lights that flood  
The darkness intermittently, gutters run to drains  
And empty into sewers all that's dropped within them.  
Obscure shadows chase a wind blown hat through dingy  
Streets and vanish in the yellow mist beyond.  
The smell of burning grease lingers then drifts to  
The nostrils of a passer-by leading him to  
A hamburger stand and out of the raging, twisting wind.  
Outside, a hapless spider wanders off the curb  
Into the gutter currents and washes quickly away.  
Kicking, screaming, gasping for some air, the spider  
Curses the winds

that blew him there.

Watching intensely the helpless spider's fate; waiting  
For the kicking to stop and the screaming muffled to silence;  
A bastard son of society with bottle in hand;  
Sneers and cries, laughs but sighs, grins and frowns  
At the drowning spider whose sewer grave awaits him  
Beneath the streets. Down the drain the spider goes  
Never to kick again and cursing all the way.  
Shaking his head and tugging baggy pants with trembling hands  
The drunk sways down the street humming a silent hymn.  
Looking back then forgetting too soon what he  
And the spider share, he stumbles on like before  
Curses the winds

that blew him there.

—D. R. Memmott.

## PROGRESS

To most people the changes in the sprawling development seem slight, but to the expert eye of one who enjoyed its most sublime pleasures as a child, the neighborhood is a different one. The sandy backyards where Indians whooped, cops and robbers shot at each other, and cars raced on mud roads, are all gone. No longer do the children sit in the shade of a big old tree and watch the ants go about their many duties among the crabgrass and weeds. Instead, thick green lawns fill in the spaces between the houses. The once poor and sickly shrubs now provide the hunting grounds where unfortunate spiders and bugs are driven out of their homes and squashed as they run up sidewalks of the houses.

The houses themselves seem to have greatly grown. Patios, barbecue pits, small rock formations, and gardens have destroyed the "big trail" that once was the hiway between my house and a friend's.

The people have changed right along with their homes. Hordes of sloppy kids no longer ride bicycles through dusty lots and have wars with dirt clods. They are now nice and clean little kids playing on swings in the community playground. The playgrounds even have supervisors to make sure the kids are playing right. Also people and their families no longer take an evening stroll around the block to cool off. They now have an air conditioner that keeps them cool all day long.

And along with the people, the pets have changed too. Those dirty, lively little beasts which used to follow the hordes through the streets now lie restlessly among the lawn furniture or wander the neighborhood, looking for a person to chase.

That great big field where we could follow a rabbit, until it got tired of being followed and would vanish, no longer exists. Never again will a posse of lawmen lie in wait to ambush some "bad guys." Never again will my brother and I run through that field dodging imaginary rattlesnakes. Never again will a small boy find a baby bird and try to take good care of it so it wouldn't die. A road with a string of houses on one side of it has reduced the field to a very small field, four or five trees, and some brush.

Everywhere the neighborhood has changed. All the half-built houses with all their piles of lumber and materials are now finished. The development has been developed; is now a whole new area.

I suppose the neighborhood has followed the course of growth and progress like all the others have. I know this has and will be repeated many times over and I know my memories are only memories and nothing more. This is the way it must be. We call it progress.

—Joe Sawyer.

# I CAN'T DIE

The horrible, soul-burning  
pain!  
it's ripping out every nerve  
in my body  
my warm blood gushes  
onto the dusty road  
will the nightmare ever end?

i feel so terribly  
old  
i want to die  
but can't  
it would make "them"  
happy  
and i couldn't bear that

they think they are so  
clever  
they've stabbed me in the back  
wiped their filthy  
feet  
on my broken body  
their hands are painted red—  
with my blood  
their jeering faces haunt  
me



they weren't always like this  
once we were  
friends  
i gave them all i could  
still they turned on me  
spouting meaningless  
pseudo-intellectual  
phrases  
relinquishing my anguish

if not for those  
who have stayed true  
and the many who died  
for me  
i'd give up

BUT I AM AMERICA!

I cannot  
quit  
There are still some  
who turn to me for  
love  
protection  
freedom

The spirit that built me  
is still alive

I CAN'T DIE.

—linda g. green.

## . . . IS IT WORTH IT?

The rain spattered against his raincoat as Pvt. Vint Mosher stepped from the chopper. He held on to his hat as he ducked out under the whirling blades. Gathering up his small duty bag, Vint headed for a makeshift shack labeled, "operations."

He opened the door and joined four other soldiers in the cramped interior. The officer behind the desk threw a sharp but impersonal salute. "You guys are due in Thuoc Do in two hours. Take that chopper out there." The officer pointed to a Huey warming up. "And better get ready for some fighting. Lots 'uv people movin' in up there."

Vint opened the door and moved outside with the others. A few mumbled about the rain, a few about the army treatment, but Vint was lost in his own thoughts. He buttoned up his coat and sprinted toward the idling copter. As he groped for a seat in the grayish darkness, he recalled what the officer had just said. Vint wondered how long before he would be in battle. Noticing the four other soldiers, he nodded, then sank back into his own world.

The chopper quivered, then lifted off the runway toward Thouc Do, his home for the next three months. Vint couldn't but be a little awed by the distance he had traveled. Two nights ago he was home in his own bed. Last night he landed in San Diego and within hours was on his way to Viet Nam. Less than two hours ago he had landed in Cam Rahn Bay. Now he was on the final leg of his journey, the one that carried him deep into the heart of Viet Nam and war.

Close to three hours later, Vint stepped to the ground at Thouc Do. He quickly eyed the surrounding area. Wood hutches, sand, barbed wire, foxholes, sand-bagged perimeters, a few trucks and jeeps, and a rather large pile of army-green coffins, tagged for sending. Vint winced and headed for a dimly lit hutch set aside from the others. With the other four soldiers he entered the room and stood at attention in front of another desk. This time the officer stood, smiled, and saluted.

"At ease, men." Vint noticed the tired, haggard look of the officer. "I'm your new captain. Morgan's the name. Welcome to

Thouc Do, the present home of the Big Red One, the Army's finest. As some of you know, we have had it pretty rough up here. Some regulars came down from the north and stung us bad. We expect some more soon. You men are replacing what we lost the past couple of nights. The corporal here will show you where to stow your gear. After that, draw equipment and present yourselves here."

Vint followed the corporal to a dark hut. The rain had stopped, however large puddles of oozy sand and mud made it more uncomfortable than the rain. Vint couldn't get over the muggy, humid climate, even in the fall month of October. He slogged up closer to the corporal.

"What's it like up here?"

"Hell."

"Lots 'uv fighting?"

"Well, last night we engaged 'em for about an hour. And yesterday we took 21 incoming within an hour. And, man, that's fightin! Okay, you guys, here's your hutch. Stow your junk and let's get checked in."

It took Vint less than ten minutes to change into his crisp new fatigues, boots, and flack jacket. He was back out on the small porch by the time the corporal shouted, "Lets go, you guys. We aren't gettin' ready for a Saturday night Ball!" The four other replacements scrambled out the door and fell into step with Vint and the corporal.

"All right, now when we get to the supply depot, get a helmet, rifle, an ammo belt, bayonet, and two handgrenades. And for God's sake, don't pull the damn pin unless you're sure you got something to blow up."

After drawing equipment, the men walked back through the muck to the captain's hutch. Vint pushed through the door and presented himself. Although slightly burdened by his new-found load, Vint felt important and proud, then he caught himself and smiled and remembered a John Wayne movie he had once seen. His thoughts were cut short by a deep voice.

"All right, men, I'm Sergeant Wilkins. I have to be your new platoon leader. I lost some good men last night so we are weak in

experience. I'm going to divide our platoon up into 12 sections. One experienced man with one replacement. I hope that will get you accustomed to our operations. We've got perimeter duty tonight. It's a rotten job and it's dangerous, so make no mistake or it may be your last. If you notice any people out there raise some hell and we'll come a runnin'. Any questions? Okay, good. Let's go."

Vint's cocky attitude disappeared and a new emotion took its place. He felt his stomach tighten and become shaky. The same feeling he got before a kick-off in high school football.

"Mosher, meet your section leader, Pfc. Rick McGarry." The PFC nodded, said hi, then turned to talk to the sergeant.

"What kind of crummy hole do I get tonight?"

"Stop your bitchin', McGarry, I picked one especially for you and Mosher here. You got foxhole number nine."

Vint noticed McGarry come rigid, then he grumbled something and turned away. Vint tagged along behind him.

Each man was lost in his own thoughts as they walked out into the inky blackness. Vint turned around to look at the camp but Thouc Do was nowhere in sight. As Vint walked he felt his body tightening. This was it, he was on his own. All his training, his knowledge had to be used. Vint started trembling and cursing himself for trying to be a big hero.

"How far is this place?" Vint blurted out.

The soldier turned around and grabbed Vint by the jacket.

"Shut up out here, buddy, we're not on a girl scout hike!"

They had walked about 100 yards by Vint's calculations when McGarry whispered, "Okay, see that foxhole?"

Vint nodded.

"Get in it and keep quiet." McGarry grabbed up a sand bag as Vint slid down into a foot of water.

"Can we bail some of this water out? It could get a little wet in here." Hearing no answer, Vint looked up just in time to see a sandbag come flying into the pool of water in the bottom of the foxhole.

"Hey!"

McGarry kept piling sand bags into the hole until the water disappeared. Then he stacked a few up in front, and climbed in.

Darkness surrounded the two men as they quietly went about

their work. Vint shakily snapped a clip into his automatic. McGarry offered a cigarette but Vint refused. McGarry said. "Where you from?"

"Nebraska, Barker, Nebraska." Vint waited for a reply of some kind which didn't come. The two again dropped into silence. Vint looked over at the PFC. McGarry was unshaven and had mud caked on his clothes and face. He flicked away the cigarette as Vint questioned, "What is the matter with this section anyway?"

McGarry turned to look at Vint, "You saw the green boxes all lined up to be shipped back home didn't you?"

"Yea." Vint didn't want to know the rest. All he could see was the army green of the coffins. He gripped his rifle closer and peered into the blackness. About ten minutes passed before McGarry spoke again.

"You scared, kid?"

Avoiding the question, Vint shot back, "What do you mean kid?"

"Listen, buddy," McGarry's voice shook with anger, "I've seen plenty of first timers up here, braggers, hot shots, and some were older than me. You're not a man until you got some action under your belt. And don't forget it, kid!"

McGarry added the kid, a little heavy. Vint fumed and started to speak but McGarry stopped him.

"You can finish this later. Let's stack up our ammo, I got a hunch we might need it." As Vint and Rick McGarry prepared themselves for battle, five enemy regulars were crossing a rice paddy less than two miles from Thoud Do and foxhole number nine.

Vint began feeling uncomfortable. His clothing was soaked from the wet mud. His back hurt from sitting up straight on the sand bags. He glanced at McGarry. He was leaning against the right bank of the foxhole and watching the moon breaking through the clouds. "Damn it!" McGarry muttered. "That moon isn't so good. Gives off too much light."

Vint nodded, he could now start to make out objects around the foxhole. The sand bags cast dark shadows in the muddy foxhole. Vint saw spent shells glittering in the water. The area was void of any bodies, he thought, but there were plenty of signs indicating

a fight had taken place. Vint again shuddered at the idea that he might face the enemy, now, on his first combat duty.

McGarry's voice startled him. "I was up here last night, kid."

Vint turned to look at McGarry who was back smoking a cigarette, and he started to hate the guy.

"Yep, man was it hot. Three kids got hit before they could cry out for help." McGarry turned and looked at Vint. "Better not make a mistake, kid, they got plenty of boxes back in camp to fill."

Vint shuddered and sank back into the sand bags. He checked his rifle again and began scouting the perimeter. The land reminded him of his old hunting days. It was flat with the exception of a small knoll. The moon layed out dark shadows which played tricks with Vint's eyes. The excitement came back now as it did at the start of an early morning hunt. But somehow this was different. The game could shoot back, it was for keeps. But Vint shrugged it off. This is Vint Mosher, me, he thought, and he couldn't see any reason for worrying.

With a thump and a hiss, a flare exploded overhead. It lit up the surrounding area brightly. Vint peeked out above the sand bags.

McGarry reached out and cuffed Vint on the side of the head.

"Keep your fool head down, kid! You want it blown off? That's our artillery looking for gooks. My God, didn't they teach you nothing in basic!" McGarry sat back disgusted with the Army.

Vint made up his mind then. He couldn't wait to get into a fight with the enemy. He'd show him. The uneasiness disappeared, replaced by anticipation.

Three hours passed with minimum conversation. McGarry asked twice, "Did you see anything out there, kid?" But each time Vint had replied with a calm "No."

The moon was still lighting up the area, but light from the rising sun began turning the black eastern sky gray. Vint began to get hungry and bored. He looked at his watch, it read 5:40. He placed his rifle against the front of the foxhole and dug into his C-rations. The cans were marked and numbered, and of course they were green. He reached in and grabbed a B-1A unit. He was

going to ask McGarry what was in it but just as he looked over his heart stopped. McGarry bolted upright, and peered into the semi-darkness. Vint's eyes were frozen on McGarry.

"Okay, kid, this is it. Company's here!" McGarry shouted as he rapped off a series of shots. The concussions shook Vint. He stared at McGarry fighting for his life. Orange flame shot from the end of his rifle, as bronze shells were spewn from the magazine. Vint looked down at his own rifle lying against the mud and then at the can of C-rations in his hand. McGarry reached over and struck at Vint, sending him flying into the muddy wall. Maybe it was the impact of the blow or perhaps the cold wet mud bringing Vint back into reality, but Vint jumped for his gun. He climbed up on the sand bags and looked out into the paddies.

"My God," he thought to himself, "they're all around."

Vint saw a movement to his left. He twirled and took aim. "Squeeze the trigger — squeeze it!" he pleaded to himself.

Vint shut his eyes and pulled the trigger. The recoil shook him into looking again. He saw the enemy body ripped by his shell, stagger and fall toward the earth. Vint felt sick. The smell of gun-powder hung around the foxhole. The gun was warm in the early morning chillness. He looked at McGarry who was rapidly firing toward a clump of trees slightly to his right. Vint moved closer to McGarry.

"How many are there?" Vint screamed out above the shots.

"How in the hell should I know? Just keep firing until they disappear."

Vint looked out and counted four bodies. McGarry's rifle became silent. The gray dawn closed in over the suddenly quiet battlefield. Both men fell back toward the rear of the foxhole, exhausted.

"Just as I thought, kid," McGarry said as he lit a cigarette.

Vint looked at McGarry.

"Choked up just like I knew you would."

Vint felt mad but ashamed. McGarry was right. He had choked up. But all he could think of was he made it through his first fight. Vint still felt shaky. As they began loading their rifles, McGarry spoke.

"There won't be any more now!" McGarry exclaimed as he sank back into the sand bags. Vint didn't answer. He sat staring

at his rifle. He took a deep breath and sat back in the foxhole. It was over for awhile. But tomorrow was another day, and he had 364 days more of it. Vint realized right then he could never get through it all, he just knew it.

Vint turned to look at McGarry. He stopped short as his eye caught a movement. He slowly reached for his rifle and pulled it toward him. He moved his head slightly to the left.

"There, to the left," Vint screamed as he dove for the front of the foxhole. Just as he dove the enemy soldier let loose a barrage of fire. Vint could see the bullets spit mud and water up where he had just been sitting. The noise drove him deeper. It shook the air around him. Vint lowered his own rifle and squeezed the trigger. The rifle shook and sputtered in his hands. It sent orange flame shooting from the muzzle. Vint's body shook with the recoil. He scrambled up the wall and stood erect. He came face to face with the enemy soldier. Vint pulled the gun up to shoot. The soldier just stood there.

"Shoot," Vint thought to himself. "Shoot."

Then he noticed the enemy soldier didn't have his gun. It lay in the mud about five feet to the left. The man was holding his stomach with both hands. The expression on the young face stopped Vint. The soldier looked pleadingly toward Vint, as if to ask for help. Blood ran from the man's stomach, across his hands and dripped into the mud. Vint's stomach started to quiver. Vint put his gun to his side and stood looking at the wounded man. Just then the man dropped to his knees. Vint walked slowly toward him. He stood over him and looked down at his back side, where the bullets had come through. Vint never heard McGarry's warning.

McGarry climbed up out of the foxhole after the explosion. Nothing could be seen of the two young soldiers, except a large crater where the booby trap had done its job.

"I told you kid—" McGarry blurted out. "I told you, you stupid kid. Just one mistake, just one lousy stinkin' mistake, just one." McGarry turned and picked up Vint Mosher's C-rations and what belongings he had brought with him. McGarry wiped the tears from his eyes and started the walk back to Thouc Do.

—Russ Hickman



## THE RAPE OF THE EARTH

The rape of the earth  
Is man's evil game  
The damage is great  
The excuses are lame  
The trees only stumps  
The sky's filled with soot  
The water is dirty  
The flowers are cut  
The people are ugly  
With big ugly guns  
The sap of life's tree  
No longer runs  
Freely and smoothly  
As it can and it should  
But oozes like death  
And smells like death's blood  
The forests are burning  
And children are dead  
The victors are laughing  
The mothers are sad  
Life's not worth living  
If cries are not heard  
The wings rot and wither  
When cut from a bird.  
—Jo Halvorson.

## SCORCHED EARTH

Burn! Burn! Leave not a single blade of grass.  
Oh Mother Earth, that this should come to pass!  
Your flowing breasts are withered by the fire;  
Your liberal harvest heaped upon the pyre.  
Your bomb-slit womb ejects your unborn brood,  
And seeds of famine grow in place of food.  
Oh Mother Earth, the irony of fate,  
That you must suffer for this man-made hate.  
—Blanche H. Pickering.

## HEY MAN, WAKE UP!

Warmth lingers for two to three  
  hours;  
life may be restored in two to three  
  minutes—was it?

The doors  
    open and close,  
Rushing in listening  
    working—the sound of a jarring  
    ring—enough, one would think to  
        AWAKEN  
                                  the dead.  
Sorry, not quite loud or long  
    enough—  
NEXT CASE.  
                            —Linda Wahlstrom.

## ANOTHER DAY — ANOTHER LIFE

A baby cries;  
An old man dies,  
    An earthquake shakes  
        As the world awakes.  
A blossom lifts its head for a sunlight bath;  
And a drop of dew clings to a blade of grass  
For soon it will evaporate into the morning air.  
As the dawn peeks over the horizon, waiting there:  
A boulder tumbles;  
A pebble crumbles;  
A soldier sleeps;  
    And his virgin weeps.  
                            —D. R. Memmott.

## TURN LEFT AT PURGATORY

Scene I: Wet, rainy highway where an accident has taken place.  
Time: 10 p.m. Two officers standing on the shoulder near the guardrail surveying the scene.

First

Officer: Looks like he tried to slow down when he came around the curve and then slid out of control.

Second

Officer: Yeh, that's the way it looks. He went crashing through the guardrail and over the embankment (points with a flashlight to the wreck) and came to rest down there. Did you hear anything about the kid?

First

Officer: Yeh, Sam, it came over the radio while you were up the road checking those skid marks. He was DOA when they got to St. Luke's hospital.

Second

Officer: (repeats solemnly) DOA, dead on arrival. (looking down and kicking the shattered headlight glass) That's too bad, because he was so young.

First

Officer: Yeah, I figure about 16.

Scene II: A large, seemingly empty and very dimly lit room with a boy lying down on a couch and a shadowy figure behind him.

Kid: (Waking, yawns and sits up on the couch) Gee, I'm lucky, came out of that wreck without a scratch on me. (Beginning to look around) My God, it's hot in here.

Devil: Hey kid, don't say that word in here.

Kid: (Turns quickly, he has not been aware of anyone and is surprised to hear a voice) What word, Mister?

Devil: God, that's what word.

Kid: Why?

Devil: Because I'm the devil and I don't like it.

Kid: You really the devil?

Devil: Yeh, kid, I'm the devil and welcome to hell.  
Kid: (Looks around nervously) Well, if you're the devil, where are your horns and your tail and—and . . . ?  
Devil: And my little red suit and my pitch fork? Oh boy! What in sin's name did they send me now? Hey man, that stuff went out with witches and goblins in the Middle Ages. I mean those weirdos bought that stuff, but no more, like—it's finished. Besides, you go walkin' around in somethin' like that and people are going to think you're a little strange. Probably put ya in a home.  
Kid: Yeh, I see what ya mean.  
Devil: Kid, ya know ya got an option.  
Kid: What ya mean, Mr. Devil?  
Devil: I mean ya got a choice of stayin' here or goin' to heaven. But first let me show ya da place.

Scene III: The devil passes through a wall and the kid follows not believing what he is seeing. They enter a plush nightclub room.

Kid: Mr. Devil, how—  
Devil: Hold it a minute, kid, ya gotta stop callin' me Mr. Devil. Call me Big Cat, that's what the sinners call me.  
Kid: Okay, Big Cat, how come this place isn't hot?  
Devil: Oh, I forgot to tell ya. Ya see, we went modern about 20 years ago and put in air conditionin' so the whole place is cool and comfortable.  
Kid: Well, about that room I was in, how come it's so warm?  
Devil: Well, ya see that's the entrance and we keep it warm because it's sort of a tradition around here. Ya know what I mean?  
Kid: Yeh, I get the general idea.  
Devil: Hey, let's go over to da bar. I'm gettin' a little thirsty. (They go over to the bar and sit down. The devil orders a drink.) Hey man, Scotch and soda. Go on kid, order anything ya want.  
Kid: Okay, I'll have a Shirley Temple.  
(The devil chokes on his drink, the bartender drops his

towel, and the patrons at the bar begin to stare at the kid in amazement.)

Kid: (looking at the devil) Wrong move?

Devil: Yeh kid, wrong move, try something with booze in it this time.

Kid: Like what?

Devil: (Whispering) Like a highball.

Kid: (To the barkeeper) I'll have a highball.

Kid: (After a brief pause, now looking away from the bar at the people in the crowd) Hey, Big Cat, don't you guys have to suffer and do penance down here and shovel coal or something?

Devil: Heck no, kid, where'd ya ever get a funny idea like that, from religion?

Kid: Yeh, they told us that in Sunday School.

Devil: (Shaking his head in disgust) It figures. Listen, kid, let me tell ya somethin' about religion. It's just subversive propaganda. They try ta keep people away from the good life, and everything that goes wrong with it, they blame on me. I've been watchin' this religion jazz for a long time, and I been takin' a lotta bum raps on account of it, and it just ain't fair. For instance, let me give ya an example. The Adam and Eve bit. Maybe ya heard about it from religion. Let me give ya the straight story on it. From what I hear, this snake goes slithering up to this broad and gives her an apple. Get this, some snake slippin' a broad an apple, a story in itself. Anyhow, this broad gives this apple to some guy she's been foolin' around with in the woods and he eats it. And for this they get kicked out of paradise. whatever that is. Next thing I hear is that this snake is me, and I'm takin' the rap for the whole thing. I don't think they were eatin' apples. I think they probably got punched outa their minds drinkin' apple juice.

Another thing about religion is this Genesis thing in the Bible. God whips out a world in six days, would you believe six days? I don't see how those cats on earth can buy it. And that Bible says that God created Adam

and Eve. Then there's Darwin's theory that man descended from the apes, well let me tell ya, it's the other way around. The apes descended from man. See what I mean about religion, kid. Ya just can't trust it.

Kid: Yeh, I see what ya mean (A brief pause.) Hey Big Cat, who's that man with the metal-rim glasses and the white cassock? (pointing)

Devil: That's the Deputy, Eugenio Pacelli. He's here because he didn't help the Jews.

Kid: Hey Big Cat, if this is what hell is like, what's heaven like?

Devil: Not good, kid. Not good at all. Ya see I was up there once.

Kid: Yeh, they told us ya got kicked out.

Devil: That's religion for ya, foul'in' up everything Well, anyhow I was up there and it's strictly for the squares. It's a bad scene all the way around. Everybody just lying around on cloud nine watchin' the Milky Way and gettin' bored stiff. And them silly harps. That harp music will drive ya right through the clouds. And ya gotta wear those silly white robes, and are they drafty, and they make ya look like a sissy. Well, some of the boys were gettin' a little sick of the whole thing so we formed an organization and came down here. We called it hell. We got the best entertainment, and the best food and drink around. Also we got some of the best roulette and crap tables. So that's how the whole thing is, kid, swingin'! Well, kid?

Kid: Well, what?

Devil: Do ya wanta stay?

Kid: Oh sure, yeh, I like it. But who's that over there at the end of the bar?

Devil: Oh, ya mean him?

Kid: Yeh, the old man with the white beard.

Devil: Oh, that's Pete. He couldn't take those harps either.

—Paul Ewald.

## "CIRCLE"

The waves rush in to kiss the shore  
On a thousand rising moons;  
And pebbles along the sandy beach  
Wash up among the dunes.

But not a sound invades the silence  
Of this quiet, moonlit night,  
And the darkness is parted only by  
The moon's synthetic light.

The gulls who circle in the day  
Now nestle in quiet repose,  
But still they search the quiet sky  
With eyes that never close.

But time will come tomorrow morn  
When they will once more fly.  
For dawn will break and bring the day,  
With a purple and gold hued sky.

And man-like birds—will then revive  
When daylight shatters night,  
And the circle of life will continue  
As do the birds in flight.

—HAT





## THE SEVENTH WAVE

each wave rolls in  
and loses itself  
in the tiny grains of sand  
that piece the ocean  
to the land  
never to be found again

I picture myself  
the seventh wave  
rippling through the seas  
pondering a final crest  
a sandy death  
the end of sea and foam

yet I delight  
in a resting place  
so far from hate  
so close to God.

—jamisan whitney.





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